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The Kent News.

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, POLITICS, GENERAL NEWS, &c.

Vol. 16. CHESTER TOWN, MD., APRIL 26, 1856. No. 48.

ESTATE OF GILES WARNER.

Maryland, Kent County, Orphans' Court, February 26th, 1856.

ON the application of Henry Urie, Administrator D. B. N. of Giles Warner late of Kent county, deceased,

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same be published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphans' Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereunto set my hand and the seal of my office affixed, this 26th day of February, 1856.

{SEAL}

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Register of Wills for Kent County.

In compliance with the above order this is to give notice that the subscriber of Kent county hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent county, Maryland, letters Testamentary on the personal estate of Giles Warner, deceased.—All persons having claims against the said deceased's estate are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 28th day of October, 1856, they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 29th day of February, 1856. HENRY URIE,
Admr D. B. N. of Giles Warner, dec'd.
March 1, 1856.—4w.

GROCERIES.

A few more left at Rees' Corner, and for sale at fair profits. Any person in want would do well to call and see us.—Having laid in a large stock of goods before the closing of the navigation, we have still a pretty good assortment on hand which we are willing to sell at the same low rates. A large stock of Confectionary still on hand, and just opened fresh. Apples, Peaches, &c.

ABEL J. REES.

Feb. 9, '56.

HORSES! HORSES!

One pair gray Horses, young, sound and gentle.

One brown Horse, Northern stock, and a natural pacer, rather fast, young, sound and gentle.

Several other horses on hand and for sale at Rees' corner by

ABEL J. REES.

Feb 23, 1856.

I expect other horses, in a few days, and would be glad to furnish those who may want. A. J. R.

OneDoor Be'ow the Post Office

MORE NEW FALL AND WINTER

Goods!

The subscriber has just returned again from Philadelphia with a large and elegant assortment of goods for Men's Wear, embracing Over, Frock, and business Coats, Talmas, Blk and Fancy Cassimeres pants, Silk Plush, and Velvet, Cashmere, Granardine, Valencia, Cloth and common vests, made and lined in the best manner. Drawers, Suspenders, Gloves, Pocket and Neck Handkerchiefs, Stocks, &c. Also French Cloths, Beaver Cloths, French, English, and American Cassimers, Silk Plush, Silk Velvet, Granardine, Cashmere, and Silk Vestings. Tailor's Trimmings, &c., &c., all of which was selected with great care and is without doubt, the best and most desirable lot of goods ever offered to the inspection of our citizens.

All garments sold and made up warranted to fit, and what they are represented to be. Also, qualities Silk, Blk and brown Slouch and citizen Hats.

Call, See and Buy.

JAMES ARTHUR.

Nov. 17, 1855.

Negroes for Sale.

BY an order of the Orphans' Court, the undersigned is authorized to sell at private sale to persons residing in Kent county, the following negroes:

5 boys—one 9 years of age;
Two 5 years of age;
And 2 not a year old;
Two girls—one nine and the other three years old; and a negro woman who has now about three years and four or five months to serve.—All the others are slaves for life.

MOSES KENNARD, Admr.
Moses Kennard, dec'd.

Feb. 23, 1856—tf

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the P. O. Chestertown, Md., March 31st 1856.

J S Brinton,	Benj. sohnson
James Bealen,	Wm. Kennedy
John T Briscoe	Rev. J. H. Kennard
James Barnett	Mrs Sane Kirkland 2
Rev. D Ball	Doct Kinidy
Davik H Brakly	G M McKinney,
Patrick McCloskey	Wm Lindsy
Carolina Coniger	Jas. J Lewis
John Carbery	Joseph Mitchell
Peters Chambers	L M Miller
Thomas Crawford	Lizzie J Mowbray
George Chambers	Morr-s Nickson
Thomas P Daniol	John W Quay
William Earskine	Thos. Primrose
George Fowler	Charlotte Peakey
James Frisby	L F Richards
Rev. S. N. Gorden	Peter Ross
Samuel Grevies	Dr. J A Robinson
George Gibbons	Milton Sawyer
Daniel Gidkis, f.n.	Alphonsa Sheppard
Joseph A Harper	Wm S Shaw
W Heland	Henry Sheats
Ella J A——	Martha F Turner
Allen Haines	Henry Wolf
Thomas Haslett	Thomas Wilgins
Joseph Hopkins	Thomas Whittuker
Adka Hotchkiss	James Woolford
Joseph Hamit	Samuel W Walker
John Journey	George Watts
[illegible] Johnson	Mrs. Martha J Warmsley

J. L. STAM, P. M.

Apr. 5, 1856.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

HAVING made arrangements with competa.. workmen, I will undertake by contract to do any kind of Carpentering, Brickwork, Plastering, Painting, Post and Rail or Board Fencing. Any person having anything of the kind done will do well to consult the subscriber.

ABEL J. REES.

Rees' Corner March 17, 1855.

FISH.

DIFFERENT varieties and grades of Fish can be had at Wilmer's Point or Georgetown calling at the warehouse.

ATTENTION FARMERS!
Guano excelled by 'De Burg'

The great advantage De Burgs Super Phosphate has over Guano, is attributed to the large amont of fertilizing matter, Phosphates and Ammonia, which it contains.

It is a settled point with all chemist and scientific farmers that Peruvian Guano only supplies about one half of the phosphates that is required to grow wheat, rye, oats, corn, vegetables, &c., and that is the reason that land becomes exhausted and impoverished by its continued application. Whereas De Burgs Super Phosphate supplies more than is required, by the crops, and is quite as effective in its action of inducing early maturity as guano, much more durable and fertilizing to the soil and less volatile.

It is adapted for all crops and all soils, as a proof, we have testimonials from Maland to Georgia, and from *every county in this State*, from every variety of soil, and from gentlemen well known as intelligent farmers—some of whom have tried it for two years on fall and spring crops with pleasing results, in every instance. We name Hon. J. A. Pearce, G. W. T. Perkins, L. M. Strong, J. Urie, W. W. Stephens, Wm. Emory, T. D. C. Ruth, Esqs., and many others.

Francis Cann, Esq. says: "I never had so fine a field of corn as I have at present. The corn and potatoes grown by "De Burg" were much superior in quality and quantity to those grown by No. 1, Peruvian Guano, at the same rate per acre. I think it the best fertilizer I ever tried and cheaper than guano."

Josiah Ringgold, Kent co. says: "I applied De Burg and Peruvian Guano separately, each at the rate of 200 lbs. per acre, on same quality of land in corn, oats and vegetables, and I think where DeBurg was used that my crops were much the best."

Wm. T. Skirven, Esq., Kent co., says: "There was a manifest difference in the growth of the corn where I applied "De Burg" over that which was guanoed.—My wheat sown with "De Burg" looks better than my guanoed wheat."

☞ Every lot we receive is inspected and analyzed by the Chemist to the Md. Agricultural Society, who draws samples himself from entire cargo, and rejects all that does not come up to the fixed standard, thereby guaranteeing to the farmer a uniformity not to be found in any guanoor other manure.

The best proof of the value of this fertilizer as entertained by the agricultural community is the greatly increased demand for it, which is beyond precedent in any other manure. In consequence of which many imitations have been put upon the market. Farmers should be particular and buy none but "De Burgs Supher Phosphate" and to secure the genuine article, order it direct from us.

Price $43 per 2000 pounds, in 8 bbls.

J. J. & F. TURNER,
42 Pratt st. Balt.

☞ Send and get analysis and testionials.

Feb. 23, 1856—tf

TO FARMERS, MERCHANTS, AND OTHERS.

THE subscribers respectfully announce to their friends and the public in general that having taken the "Farmers' Foundry" in Chestertown, they how have on hand a large quantity of materials which they will manufacture to order in the best manner, and at the shortest notice.



They also keep constantly on hand a good supply of Plough Castings, which cannot be surpassed in neatness and durability by any manufactured in the State. CARTS, WAGONS, PLOUGHS, &c., made to order at the shortest notice and low rates. All kind of machine work done in the neatest manner and at short notice on accommodating terms for cash. Blacksmithing will be done in a workmanlike manner and of the best materials. They would particularly call the attention of the Merchants and Farmers of Kent and the adjoining counties to their castings—they will be sold as cheap as can be purchased elsewhere. ☞ All descriptions of old iron will be taken in exchange for work at the highest prices.

HENRY W. EARNEST,
DAVID A. BENJAMIN.

Jan 19, 1856.—tf

Maryland, Kent County Orphans' Court, February 5, 1856.

On the application of William F. Smyth, administrator of John Curlett, late of Kent county, dec'd

ORDERED, That he give the notice required by law for creditors to exhibit their claims against the said deceased's estate, and that the same by published once in each week for the space of four successive weeks, in the Kent News, printed and published in Kent county.

In testimony that the foregoing is truly copied from the minutes of the proceedings of the Orphan's Court of the county aforesaid, I have hereto set my hand and the seal of office affixed this 5th day of February, 1856.

{SEAL}

Test, JACOB FISHER,
Reg. of Wills for Kent county.

In compliance with the above order, this is to give notice, that the subscriber of Kent county, hath obtained from the Orphans' Court of Kent County, Maryland, letters of administration on the personal estate of John Curlett, late of Kent county, deceased. All persons having claims against the said deceased's estates are hereby warned to exhibit the same, with the vouchers thereof, to the subscriber on or before the 30th day of August, 1856; they may otherwise be excluded from all benefit of the said estate.

Given under my hand this 5th day of February, 1855.

WM. F. SMYTH,
Adm'r John Curlett, dec'd.

Feb. 9, 1856.—4t.

PLOUGHS and Plough Castings, for sale by

Apr. 5. PRICE & FOWLER.

THE KENT NEWS,

A WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

Devoted to Agriculture, Literature, Politics, and General News.

EDWARD MANSFIELD
PROPRIETOR.

TERMS:

$1.50 payable in advance—$2 at the expiration of the first six months, or $2.50 at the end of the year. To CLUBS—5 copies for $6—10 copies for $10. No subscription received for a shorter period than six months, and no paper will be discontinued until all arrears are paid.

Single papers 5 cents.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING.

Advertisements not exceeding ten lines will be inserted three times for $1 and 25 cts. for every insertion thereafter—larger ones in proportion. A liberal deduction made to yearly advertisers. Advertisements must have the number of times marked, or they will be published till forbid and charged accordingly.

SPECIAL NOTICES.—All Communications of a personal nature will be charged for at the rates of fifty cents a square for the first insertion, and twenty-five cents for every subsequent insertion.

Obituary notices, when they exceed six lines will be charged at the rate of fifty cents a square.

Proceedings of public meetings, except those of a religious or charitable nature, will be charged for at the usual rates, those handing them in will be held responsible.



POETRY.

Written for the Kent News.

LOSS OF THE ARCTIC.

BY LUCY.

What noble bark is that which now
So proudly rides the waves,
As if she sped to pleasure's goal,
And not a watery grave.
Her mighty prow with graceful sweep,
Skims o'er the deep, blue seas;
Her snowy canvass, wide unfurled,
To catch the welcome breeze.

When lo! a fatal mist obscures
The prospect all around
And wraps in dismal fog, the course
Of the joyous, homeward bound,
Seek not ye hapless mariners,
To penetrate the gloom,
For in that fearful mist you see,
Your near approaching doom.

For what is that! a frightful crash,
Breaks on the evening air,
A sound of breaking timbers
And bitter wild despair,
The ill stamed vessel rights no more,
A mighty wreck she lies,
And one tumultuous cry ascends,
To rend the very skys.

The prattling child, the maiden fair,
The youth with ardent mold,
The young, the gay, the beautiful,
The decrepit, and the old,
All share alike the same dark fate
The same relentless doom,
And neath the ocean's briney wave,
Have found an early tomb.

The husband absent from the wife
Thinks of the anguish deep,
Which must be hers when smiles of joy
Shall change to heartfelt grief,
The son returning from afar,
With bursting heart thinks on
The many changes there has been
At home since he's been gone.

The alien from his native land,
Thinks of the joys that wait
To greet the wanderers return,
Alas, what is his fate.
Each has some tender tie to break,
Some binding link to sever,
Which dims with tears, those eyes which soon
Must close in death forever.

But one among that fated band,
Upon the shipwrecked coast
In perils dark and dangerous hour,
Deserted not his post.
Tho' 'mid that soul appaling scene,
Midst the drowning and the downed,
He saw the fathers proudest hope
His precious boy go down.

So for the gallant captain
Ye Joda of old who came
From *Jove* to give perpetual youth,
Immortalize his name,
But since such heathen deitys
Find here no longer use—
Let fame's triumphant blast proclaim
Afar the name of *Luce*.

Let justice twine the laurel wreath,
And poets sing his praise,
And may his name in dangers hour
Be a watchword for the brave,
And to ye, who now in anguish
And sad bereavement of mind
Mourn—for the dear departed,
I'd say be more resigned,
Tho' desolate is the hearth stone,
And sad your breaking heart,
Turn to your God, for he alone
Can a healing balm impart.

MR. EVERETT AND MR. WINTHROP.—The American Organ announces that Edward Everett, Robert C. Winthrop and other distinguished Whigs, whose names it gives, 'are content with FILLMORE and DONELSON,' and 'will take the field under the American Banner.'—*Bost. Tel.*

MISCELLANY.

MIRIAM'S LOVE.

A BEAUTIFUL STORY.

We were sitting by the fire side—Leonard and I; he leaned back in the wide arm chair and I at his feet.

"How can I hope to win her now," he murmured, looking down at his maimed arm, with a bitter, defiant glance. "She with her glorious beauty, her regal pride so far above me! Oh! my love has so compassed me about with its strong arms, has sheltered me under its shielding roof, that I felt like an outcast—homeless and lost forever!"

I looked up at him, as he spoke and thought of the time when he had pledged his truth to Miriam by that same shining fire light, when his manly beauty fell on him like a ripe sunset, when he grasped in his vigorous hands such noble pictures of the future. Now, without even that future to call his own, poor, maimed and useless, he had come back to the old trusting place. Broken in health, in hope, in fortune, and oh! more to be deplored than all—not even rich in love.

"Leonard," I said, rising and leaning my hand on his chair; "I am going now—going to Miriam"

He started, and a flushed anguish came over his still beautiful brow. He grasped my hand convulsively.

"One moment," he whispered, "one moment, and I shall be myself again. I *cannot* meet her thus."

He bowed his face, and the light brown curls fell in a cloud about it, concealing the outward struggle. Then he raised his head and spoke calmly—

"I am ready now; I will release her from that vow which cannot be otherwise than irksome to her proud spirit. She shall never know the agony it cost me to give her up. I will meet her bravely—like a *man*."

So I went out and left him sitting there his love lying like a shattered vase, at his feet.

I found Miriam before her mirror, arranging her hair. She turned her gleaming face towards me as I entered, and it was overflowing with love, hope and expectance.

"Is it cheerful and bright below stairs?" she asked, quickly.

"Quite beaming," I replied.

"I am so glad, she continued in a joyous tone. What a long journey he will have this freezing day! Oh! I am so thankful that I am mistress of Ashburn—proud, beautiful Ashburn; that I can offer him a resting place.'

Her deep sleeping pride blazed out in her dark oriental face, and flooded it with glory. Alas! *that* pride which was to crush such a great noble love—such a wealth of happiness.

I stood beside her where I could see her beauty in the mirror, as I have seen the sun shining lying afar off on the hill; red, scornful lips, dark, prideful eyes; rich glowing cheeks and waves of raven hair, braided with gems.

"Miriam," said I earnestly, "I should like to tell you a little story while we are all alone. Something that weighs upon my heart, about—about a friend of mine."

She turned and looked at me with a curious glance, then she said, cheerfully and quickly—

"Oh, I understand; you are going to tell me something relative to Lucia—that old friend of whom you used to speak."

I bowed my head in silent acquiescence. Then I commenced in a low voice—playing with the coral with which she was going to adorn her loveltness.

"The friend of mine is very beautiful and very proud. Three years ago, she plighted her truth to a brave manly lover. They both joined hands, and stepped together into life and the world. He with a glorious future stretched before him, a hopeful heat, and a soul full of noble aspirations."

"How like to *him*," murmured Miriam pride flaming out again, into her eyes.

"He went abroad,' I continued, "misfortune came upon him, and that ripe, luscious future turned to ashes in his grasp. Still, he struggled on, and when he had conquered destiny, and built for himself another and fairer castle, lost his right arm, and became a cripple, miserable thing."

The hand that braided those shining tresses, trembled violently. The face in mirror assumed a softer expression; the eyes grew darkly tender.

"Broken hearted, toil worn, and grown old with care, he returned to his old home. He came to me, for he dared not meet that cold withering glance of pride—that scornful triumph of station and beauty. in the face of her he had so worshiped, so adorned with love exceeding all things in its width, height and power."

"Was her pride then, so mighty?—her woman's nature so much less?" said Miriam, in a voice made husky wit indignation and fears. "Could she—*dared* she fling him from her, who had once dwelt pre-eminent in her heart? He 'broken-hearted and alone in the wide pitiless world!"

"She is a woman,' I replied, "her heart is true and loving but her pride has ever been to her a second self. I have promised him to go to her—to prepare for this sad event. Miriam, how shall I counsel her to act!—how deal with that overwhelming pride."

Miriam shook back the waving hair from her brow, and turned her regal face upon me. It was lighted up with noble and womanly love; a deep, dewy tenderness.

"Tell her to go to him and pour out at his feet all that depth of devotion which lies so rich in the heart of woman. To hold out her hands to him and raise him up, to stand beside her, on that high pinnacle of wealth and estate. Tell her that of all the great heart of life, *love* is the dearest throb within it. It is a beautiful creation, and oh! not lightly to be dashed aside."

I burst into tears; I pointed to the door and cried—

"Miriam! there is a despairing and heart-broken man sitting by your fireside. It is Leonard."

She started and fell backward against a chair. The gush of imperial beauty flowed away from her face and left it colorless. Then, with a firm step and graceful majesty, she took my hand and led me out into the broad hall. Down the great staircase, and across to the door of the room where he sat. Her brow was pale and calm, her hand did not tremble within mine.

Still in the wide seat where I had left him, the fire light shining vividly around him sat Leonard. He arose whe he saw us, and took a step forward into the middle of the room. I could have fallen down and worshipped him as he stood there with noble, yet attenuated form, and his great adoring soul standing on the threshold of his eyes. He looked ill and sorrowful, but a conscious dignity of manhood hung about him like a cloak.

Miriam leaned heavily upon me; and now she trembled like an aspen. He took another step forward and spoke to her—

"Miriam, I have come to say farewell, I have come to release you from the ties that bind you to this wretched and maimed being—the shadow of myself. I am here to give you up forever!"

His voice died away in an agony of anguish. With one bound Miriam reached his side, with one wide embrace of her arms, she made a circle of love about him with one burst of tears she rained a heaven of light and hope and devotion into his crushed soul. Through the veil of her jeweled hair, I saw her face lifted up in divine gratitude, the lips moved as if in prayer—the broad white brow wore a halo about it like a golden hand.

I departed silently, and throughout that happy day I repeated truly and earnestly "Of all the great heart Life, Love is the dearest throb within it."

SCENE IN COURT.

Judge.—Bring the prisoner into court.

Pete—Here I is, bound to blaze, as the spirits of turpentine said when it was set on fire.

Judge. We will take a little fire out of you. How do you live?

Pete. I ain't particular as the oyster said when they asked him if he'd be fried or roasted.

Judge. We don't want to hear what the oyster said, or the turpentine either. What do you follow?

Pete. Anything that comes in my way, as the locomotive said when he run over the little nigger.

Judge. We don't care anything about the locomotive. What's your business?

Pete Thats various, as the cat said when she stole a chicken off the table.

Judge. That comes nearer the line I suppose.

Pete. Altogether in my line, as the rope said when it was choking the pirate.

Judge. If I hear any more absurd comparisons I'll give you twelve months.

Pete. I am done, as the beef-steak said to the cook.

Judge. Now, sir, your punishment shall depend upon the shortness and correctness of your answers. I suppose you live by going around the docks.

Pete. No, sir, I can't go round the dock without a boat, and I hain't got none.

Judge. Answer me how do you get your bread?

Pete. Sometimes at the bakers and sometimes I eat tater.

Judge. No more of your stupid insolsnce. How do you support yourself?

Pete. Sometimes on my legs, and sometimes on a chair.

Judge. I order you now to answer this question correctly. How do you do?

Pete. Pretty well, I thank you, Judge; how do you do?

Judge. I shall commit you.

Pete. Well, you've committed yourself first, that's some consolation.

TO PREVENT CROWS FROM PULLING UP CORN.—I scatter corn in the field broadcast which they feed upon and leave the seed. If I have too much company by my liberality, I soak the corn in strichnia and hot water. Last spring, after scattering half a bushel of corn soaked in this way, I picked up forty-two dead crows, and how many more went off feeling "kind o' sick," I am not able to state.

For the Kent News.

MR. EDITOR:—Your humble servant was much pleased on reading in your last a criticism on All Aboard and Carriage Sir; and as it will be impossible for yourself to answer all interrogations there put by the writer. C. respectfully begs leave to turn aside and address the rest of his communication to

Miss Louise-not-Louise-Morgan-and-several-others.

What a sesquipedalian name! We don't wonder that Miss Polly Screechinghost tried to get married, or that Mr. McStephenvandonglingale hung himself in despair. It reminds one of the hopeful son of the old lady who called him "Tribby" *for short;* but whose real name was Through-much-tribulation-we-enter-into-the-kingdom-of-God Jenkins. Now we really dont know, *Miss*, whether you wish to change your name or not; but if you do there will be no necessity of resorting to either cigarettes or snuff. We think that you have already had time, and probably disposition in the space of the thirty-one and a half years of your life to take considerable snuff; in fact we think you are "up to" it. We will deduct however a year and a half from the "other extremity" of your life, during which period we hope your nurse was not considerate enough to thrust the article up your infantine nostrils.

Miss (Lou' for short) you are too complimentary. Indeed you make us blush. We never did "feel pre-oud," but indeed we begin to do so ne-ow. We were not aware of having a female friend in the world that cared anything particularly about us, and when one having the transcendant genius and *youthful* charms of yourself comes right out in a newspaper and almost proposes to us, we do feel——

Funny. Bob! quick! the bottle of hearts-horn! We have recovered. The storm is past. But indeed, Miss, we must claim our privilege *this* year at any rate. We are sorry to give you a refusal, but we—cant possibly accept.

We admire your sympathetic nature in commiserating our misfortune as we run against a post. But we can assure you that it hurt us but very little; indeed the shock was quite slight, and there is no occasion for alarm.

For the benefit of your young friends who plague your elbow so much, we would say that we dont recollect how the Executive paw *did* look; we only remember that it felt soft, like a kitty, and that wo involuntarily looked up at his head.

The color of the beautiful young lady's eyes with whom he was dancing when he "seen" the Elephant, was sky-blue-pink, with carmine streaks running through the balls.

In consideration of the deep feeling of commisseration which you have for that "very un-fow-wow-wow-watchinate man" who ran against a post after he 'seen' the Elephant; he has spoken to Arthur for a fine pair of black cassimere pants for you as he strongly suspects that you wear them already.

And now as we shut down the floodgates, and run against a mill-post, we respectfully beg leave to say, that though we once condescended to smoke with an Irishman, we shall never condescend to measure lances with one again. We hope his song will still be,

"Happy is the miller that lives in the mill,
The mill goes round with a free good will,
One hand in the hopper and the other in the bag,
The mill goes round and they all cry
GRAB."

☞ At a dinner given at Georgetown, D. C., just after the election of General Pierce, George Washington Park Curtis gave the following toast:—

"Honor to whom honor is due,"
Let others hail the rising sun,
We bow to him whose race is run!
FILL-MORE, FILLMORE—aye fill to the brim
A health to the man of the nation;
FILLMORE, FILLMORE, we drink unto him,
Who so nobly hath filled his high station!

Sixty Lives Lost by the Burning of the Steamer!

I HAVE received and for sale per Capt. Taylor coffee, sugar, candles, malasses and salt, candys, fruit, nuts, &c. with a fresh supply of brandies and comon Liquors—and will receive per Capt. Emory, superfine extra and family flour, bacon, Lard, apples and many other articles.

WM. BACCHUS.

March 22, 1856.

SELLING off my stock of clothing cheap to close. WM. BACCHUS.

NEW STORE!

THE subscriber has just returned from the city with a fresh supply of goods which he will sell low, for small profits and quick sales, consisting in part of Tobacco, Segars, Snuff, Confectionary, Fruit, Sugar, Coffee, flour, meal, Tinware of all kinds, genuine Garden Seed, and *PLOUGH CASTINGS* of every patern. His old customers and the public in general are invited to give him a call, nearly in the rear of the market house, North side of market space.

Country produce taken in exchange.

M. T. BENJAMIN.

Chestertown, March 29, 1856

WANTED some person or persons to build a Wharf on the Chesapeak Bay, for particulars address ABEL J. REES,

Rees' Corner, Kent county, Md.

March 22 1856.

ETHERIAL OIL 75 cents per gal. for cash only. A M. RUSSELL.